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## WHOSE POKER YARN IS THIS?

"Did any of you ever happen to sit into a game of draw where a king beat four queens?" Inquired the sugar planter from Hawaii while the earlier arrivals of the poker bunch sat about on the porch of the bachelor's clubhouse on Paradise Row waiting for the beginning of the regular afternoon poker session, says the Detroit Free Press.

Nobody in the group had ever heard of its being done just that way, and they said so.

"Well," said the sugar planter from Honolulu, "I not only saw it done in that way, but I was in the game when it was done. Worse than that, I was the victim of it."

"But the king, I ought to elucidate," went on the man from Honolulu, "wasn't a card. That is to say, he was a card, right enough, but not a paper one. He was a sure enough king, and his name was Dave Kalakaua. Dave was the king of Hawaii, as all of you gentlemen know."

"Now, don't form the impression that I'm endeavoring to overwhelm anybody with the idea that I customarily play poker with kings or that I'm any stuck up over having played draw with King Dave Kalakaua. Dave was the only king I ever dished a card for, and that's because he was one of my neighbors and pals."

"But Dave played poker and was pals with lots of folks down in the islands. I should state right here that most of us used to soak Dave right hard at draw. Not that he wasn't a good player, for he was, but he had the proverbial luck of kings at gambling. He never caught much to what he held out."

"He wasn't a natural born hand helper, and he was some reckless with the king's revenues on poor looking truck in the way of poker hands. That's why he had a big poker deficit at the windup of every poker year when he did his casting up."

"The only time I ever saw Dave Kalakaua get by with a big bluff was once when he hooked up with Mr. Afong, the tremendously wealthy father of the famous family of Afong girls—so many of whom married American men of standing. There were five men in the game on that occasion, and the turquois ace of Hawaii was the limit. First, Dave himself."

"Let me straighten out a seeming familiarity. We called Kalakaua Dave in private. It was at his own request. He hated formality with friends. 'My name's Dave to you; you may call me that,' he would say."

"Well, then, Kalakaua himself was one of the five. Then Afong, one of the shrewdest business men and kindest gentlemen that ever I touched fingers with in my life. Sam Parker, who has grown up with Hawaii's growth, and is one of our big men, was in it, and so was Paul Neumann, Honolulu's leading lawyer. I was the other one."

"The king of all Hawaii was the last year's bird's nest in that game right up to the finish of the sitting, when he came like a Tahiti typhoon. Mr. Afong had inserted a terrible dent in his kindly person once when Dave, dealing, dished himself a pat queen high flush of diamonds, and then, with great inadvertence, not to say carelessness, handed Mr. Afong who was right next to him under the gun, an ace high flush of diamonds—a phenomenal occurrence, by the way, two pat flushes of the same suit out against each other in a five-handed game."

"The things that the big framed Chinese merchant-planter proceeded to do unto his liege right then and there, with his top flush of the same suit that Dave had, it were dismal to tell of. Dave sent 4,000 along after his little assortment of all one color queen high papers, and then Mr. Afong naturally concluding that the king and something considerably nearer than his own, called."

"Kings must have looked chagrined at all stages of the world's history, but none of them at any stage of the situation could ever have looked quite so chagrined as Dave Kalakaua did when the Chinese planter sited his ace high flush of diamonds down on the table and in the same motion hoed the chips over to his side of it."

"But Dave wasn't any bad loser nor quitter, either, and he stuck right around in the game, though many a good pokerist after a wallop like that would have become peevish and superstitious about it and cashed in for his. Dave wasn't that sort, and he stayed with it."

"He got another awful mean punch not many minutes after that. It was a jackpot, and Dave being under the harbette—me dealing—didn't pick his papers up at all, but passed blind for a play."

"Nobody opened it. But every one of us, on looking at our cards, muttered gloomily, for two of us had four flushes to draw to, and two others were there with bob straights to pull to. Very foolishly Dave picked up his cards to see what he'd passed blind on. No man who passes blind ought ever by any chance to look at his tickets at all if the thing isn't cracked, for he's pretty liable to find mostly every time that he's ignored the real merchandise."

"I could see Kalakaua's features

twitching when he picked up the mess he'd passed blind on, and when he threw them out face up on the board. There were only four tens in the layout. He relieved himself by making a few observations in the liquid Kanaka language, but I don't believe he was invoking the Goddess Pele of the volcanoes or any of the truly good spirits at that."

"Even this horrible experience did not drive King Dave out of the game, for nobody was ever more willing to go the full cup distance at a poker session than he. But it wasn't till we were about ready to break up at 4 in the morning that Dave oiled his guns for a final play."

"I was the dealer beginning the final two rounds of jackpots and each man skated \$50 to the center. Kalakaua picked up the corners of his papers as I sifted them over to him, and never took them into his hands at all before cracking the pot. He broke it for a hundred."

"Mr. Afong, next man, tilted it, and none of the rest of us had the least thing to make it worth while for us to stick around at a tilting match. So we dropped out in turn."

"Dave danced back at the Chinaman for \$500, and Mr. Afong was right there with a \$1000 push along. Dave boosted the Chinaman another thousand, which was seen, and then I was ready to hand them some papers."

"Kalakaua hadn't taken his cards from the table yet, having only pulled up the corners of them as they lay face downward and peeked at the margins of them. So when I asked him how many cards he wanted he pushed a stack of twenty \$10 chips to the center to indicate that he was pretty well fixed as to papers as it stood."

"Mr. Afong didn't think he needed any either. He didn't say so out loud, but, instead of fooling around with chips, he said 'A thousand better,' and then, seeing that there was going to be doings, I got out a pencil and began to keep tab on the chipless raisers back and forth."

"What was in the center and what was represented on my penciled schedule of back and forth bets represented nearly \$8,000, when, upon lending his ears to Dave's first \$2,000 boost, Mr. Afong gazed out of the open window at the wimpling blue sea, with the early morning sunlight dancing upon it, and said:

"That's good, Dave."

"Let's call it a night as it stands, suggested one of the party then, and as we were all fagged the suggestion went."

"Dave," said Mr. Afong then, leaning back in his chair with his hands back of his head, 'the ordinary man hasn't any right if he wants to be popular to show a hand that he has used to bluff somebody out of a poker pot. But that privilege ought to belong to kings, especially when they don't do it voluntarily or gloriately, but upon request. Dave, what did you have then? How good were you?'"

"Kalakaua pondered for a minute, evidently wondering whether he would be doing the right thing to show his cards in the circumstances. Then, not having yet picked them up to throw into the discard, he slowly turned his papers over."

"He had a pair of nines. Mr. Afong had already faced his pack full."

"That's worth a gift—it wasn't so badly done," said Mr. Afong, with his winning Chinese smile, and he unfasted a huge emerald brooch which he wore at his throat and pinned it to the pleaded band of Kalakaua's soft straw hat which was lying on a table alongside him."

"Dave didn't want to take the huge and immensely valuable jewel from the Chinaman, but Mr. Afong was a man with a manner that even kings could respect, and when he tendered a gift he meant it and his obvious intention stuck. And Kanaka wore that emerald pinned on the scarf of his straw hat, just as the Chinaman had put it there, till he took to his bed in California to die."

"But this isn't unraveling it how a king—King Dave—beats my four queens."

"The same people were in that game, and there was one looker on—a person of whom you may have heard. Robert Louis Stevenson by name. He had propped into Honolulu harbor on his schooner yacht a few days before. He was an old friend and pal of Kalakaua, and he liked to look upon large pokerishness, although he only played a small game himself and preferred cribbage, at which he was powerful."

"The game took place on the lanai—that's what we call a veranda in Kanaka—of my house in Waikiki, a suburb of Honolulu. We sat in at 10 o'clock at night and played along till 3 in the morning. Stevenson sat coiled up cross-legged on a couch back of Kalakaua, sipping cigarettes of his own manufacture in the progress of the play, and he stayed till the finish, when all hands went into the surf for a dawn bath."

"That was one of the nights when it was pretty hard to head me. I went out in front almost from the first disband, and I stayed there, not even swaying."

## RUSSIAN MAID PLANS TO BE A WALKING BOMB

ST. PETERSBURG, September 17.—The police today arrested a young girl nicknamed "Wanda" who is accused of participating in a plot to blow up the headquarters of the secret police, situated on the Monka canal, whose torture chambers have aroused bitter feelings on the part of the revolutionists.

The police claim that "Wanda" planned to become a "walking bomb" and enter the headquarters building in the middle of the day, when it is generally full of police. She was to wear the uniform of a gendarme officer lined with walls of gun-cotton and carrying powerful bombs. "Wanda" the police add, hoped by blowing herself up, to reduce the entire building to ruins and kill all the officers composing the staff of the political police.

The plot was betrayed and the police in addition to taking "Wanda" into custody, arrested a Jewish tailor, in whose shop they seized a half ready uniform which was intended for the woman.

In consequence of the murderous designs of the revolutionists, the secret police have decided to give up their present quarters, removing to an isolated stone building on Kamenny Island, where an elaborate electric signal system will be installed, in order to prevent un-dermining.

ing or at any time beginning to curl up, till right at the finish.

"Then I got slammed by the king. He was dealing them himself, and, barring him, the dealer, I was the last man who had to make the pronouncement about opening the pot. They all rapped their knuckles on the board to indicate that they didn't see anything in their array of papers."

"I'm a great hand not to look at my cards in a jackpot arrangement till the fellows ahead of me have cracked it or passed out, and I generally pick 'em up one by one, which is irritating to nervous players around a table, but that is my kind of poker, and I pay the toll, and I can't help it. I was some stunned on this occasion, I think I may mention, when I picked up four queens, one right after the other."

"I tossed a white bean, meaning a \$5 one, to the center, and opened it with a fine simulation of indifference—the indifference, we'll say, of somebody who has a pair of knaves to open with and doesn't much care for the prospect of having folks stick along to draw against him."

"Dave, dealing, as I say, took a peek at the margins of his cards then, and then gazed reflectively at the ceiling for quite a bit. I'd seen him do that before—especially when, not so long before then, he'd chased Mr. Afong to the cactus with his paid of nines. So I wasn't worried."

"I wasn't excited, either, except with the certainty of conquest, when he tilted it \$500 to draw anything. The others couldn't see that, and there I was, all heeled to stake the anointed king to the trouble of his whole poker career."

"Well, I was so far ahead of the game that money didn't look like more than 50 cents on the dollar to me, and so I handed Dave one of those \$1000 hoists. I'll say it to his credit he just saw it, and that was all."

"How many?" he asked me, and I told him I thought I'd try to worry along without needing any strengtheners. I wasn't a bit worried—as why should I be, with Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, the Queen of Sheba and Catherine the Great, more than a hackload in my hand?"

"It was my bet, of course, and I was just on the point of beginning the \$1000 stuff, when I had a sudden hunch. It wouldn't be decent, I reflected. Kalakaua had always been more than fair to me in a lot of transactions, and it didn't seem just the goods to be on fours of the size I was holding."

"I think, Dave," I said then, 'that we'd better call this a showdown. I've got you tied in here, and I like to be as decent as I know how in all my worldly relations. No gentleman ought never to bet on—'"

"On the kind of cards that I've got here," broke in King Kalakaua right there, to my intense surprise, "and I was just about to say the same thing when you took the words out of my mouth," and he spread his papers out in front of him while I did the same."

"His was a five to nine sequence flush of hearts, and he could have put me in the poorhouse with it if he had not been—as he was—the squares and best hearted dusky man that ever ruled over an island kingdom."

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## WORLD'S NEWS BY CABLE



WASHINGTON, October 4.—Bids were opened by the Navy authorities here yesterday for the supplying of six million pounds of supplies for the fleet which is to sail shortly for the Pacific.

REPUBLICANS WILL BOLT.  
SAN FRANCISCO, October 4.—The minority among the delegates present at the Republican convention, at which Daniel A. Ryan received the nomination for mayor, have notified the party leaders that they propose supporting Mayor Taylor for re-election in opposition to the party nominee.

MEXICO HONOR TO SECRETARY.  
CITY OF MEXICO, October 4.—Secretary Root is here as the guest of the Chamber of Deputies, which has been convened especially to greet him. This action on the part of the Mexican Government is the greatest honor this republic has ever shown to any foreign guest.

Secretary Root is paying an official visit to Mexico with a main purpose of consulting with President Diaz, on behalf of President Roosevelt, regarding the proposed peace conference to be held in Washington among the delegates of all the Central American republics. It is the special desire of both the President of Mexico and the American President to bring about a settled state of affairs politically in Central America.

DETROIT WINS.  
CHICAGO, October 4.—The championship of the American Baseball League has been won by the Detroit Club.

In the files received yesterday the standing of the Detroit players was 600, having won eighty-four games and lost fifty-six. At that time, September 25, the Detroiters were tied with the Philadelphia, Chicago being a close third, only eight points behind. The race for the American League pennant has this season been very close and the outcome was only settled by the game yesterday at Chicago.

SECRETARY TAFT.  
KOBE, October 4.—Secretary Taft sailed last night for Manila. Yesterday he was entertained by General Kuroki.

CHAMBERLAIN QUILTS.  
WASHINGTON, October 3.—Roy H. Chamberlain, Collector of Internal Revenue at Honolulu, has resigned on account of the illness of his wife.

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